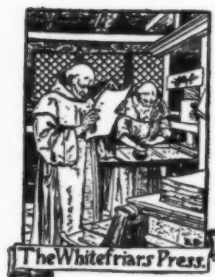




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LEAP YEAR.



CALENDAR, 1912.

January	February	March	April	May	June
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Punch's Almanack for 1912.



Superior Youth (who has been boring everyone with his big game experiences). "I CAN'T HIT THESE DASHED PHEASANTS; THEY'RE SO INFERNALLY SMALL, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Brown. "AH, I EXPECT IT IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THE 'TIGER TO THE RIGHT!' 'LION TO THE LEFT!' 'OSTRICH OVER!' YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!"



Stalker. "HERE'S MAIR BLUID, SIR; IT'S NO BUT A SMA' BEAST—BUT A GRAN' FLASK WHATEVER!"



Cautious Farmer (who has consulted his solicitor as to what non-actionable terms he may apply to his rival). "D'YE HEAR! YOU'RE A MEAN-SPIRITED HOUTSIDER, YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN NINCOMPOOP, YOU'RE A—(consults paper)—YOU'RE A—DASH YOU! YOU'RE ALL THAT BLOOMIN' LIST!"



Magistrate. "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"
Offender. "YES, YOUR WORSHIP: DRUNK I MAY 'AVE BEEN, BUT DISORDERLY—NEVER! HALFWAY'S THE LADY!"

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

IN PRAISE OF HILDEBRAND, OLD CAMPAIGNER AND HUMORIST.



"AT CERTAIN CELEBRATIONS
BY WINDY MOONS OF MARCH HE WORE
WHOLE ROWS OF FIGHTING DECORATIONS."

Not in the cart, the common cart,
With vulgar items of the bag,
But in a special place apart
Let him be laid, our warrior-wag;
Here in the scene where last he sprinted
And, sprinting, fell convulsed with mirth,
Give him his hero's dues unstinted,
Lay him in earth.

He was a most unusual hare,
This Hildebrand; he loved to face
The powder's music and to share
Our simple pleasures of the chase;
Delight of camaraderie pricked him
To join us at the first report,
And, when he died, he died a victim
To love of sport.

Indifferent how remote the beat
And what the weather, foul or fine,
He would attend with instant feet
And run the gauntlet of the line;
Wearing a smile of calm derision
Yet not unmixed with kind regards,
He mocked, in profile, our precision
At fifty yards.



"HE MOCKED, IN PROFILE, OUR PRECISION."

Yet was his fur no coat of mail
To let his limbs escape immune;
People would notice how his tail
Ended an inch or so too soon;
Through punctured ears one saw the stubble;
His flanks were drilled with draughty dints;
And half his hind-legs gave him trouble
For want of splints.

Legends arose of his renown,
How that his courage under fire
Had won, by wide consent, the crown
Of every soldier's heart's desire;
And how at certain celebrations
By windy moons of March he wore
Whole rows of fighting decorations,
Three deep or more.

There was the Norfolk Star he gained
For cool behaviour in the roots;
Likewise the D.S.O., obtained
The day he rushed the Colonel's boots;
And here, too, where he bit the greasy
Bank of the hedge at which he dived,
He surely must have earned the V.C.
Had he survived.

But no, his destined hour had struck;
Not all his judgment, nice and true,
His sense of range, his gift of luck,
Availed, this time, to get him through;
Right on the post, when he had flouted
A dozen barrels' harmless bark,
Fate's humour intervened and outed
His vital spark.



"THE DAY HE RUSHED THE COLONEL'S BOOTS."

For, as he flew the open field,
Taking, from time to time, a scratch,
He failed to mark a gun concealed
In the ensuing turnip-patch;
He failed, I say, to see this ambush,
And suddenly there rang a shot
From somewhere just behind a dam bush—
And he was not!

He fell, and in his filmy eye
The laughter said: "You had me there!"
And that's a sporting reason why
We leave him now in earth's good care;
Not to the game-room, grim and gory,
Shall he, our Hildebrand, be lugged,
But here shall lie, in all his glory,
Unskinned, unjugged. O. S.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.



Smithson (who has been giving his partner "a rattlin' good time"). "WE SEEM TO GET ON AWF'LY WELL. WE MUST HAVE SOME MORE."



Doctor. "Now, IF I GAVE YOU A PINT OF 1 IN 20 CARBOLIC SOLUTION, HOW MUCH WATER WOULD YOU ADD TO MAKE IT A 1 IN 80 SOLUTION?"
Probationer. "Oh, a lot!"

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

A BIT OF REAL LIFE

(as portrayed in Melodrama).



Jack Greatheart
who loves



Nancy,
ward of the haughty



Duke of Knaresboro'
who intends her to wed



Sir Vivian Vavasour,
a scoundrel who, in addition
to already having



A Deserted Wife



And Child,
is being blackmailed
by the notorious



Mimi Legrand.
Sir Vivian, however, disposes of
these inconveniences with the aid of



A Rascally Lawyer
and



A Hired Assassin.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

A BIT OF REAL LIFE

(as portrayed in Melodrama).



A Corrupt Detective
then comes to his assistance,
who, using as his tool



An Innocent Policeman,
has Jack arrested on the false
charge of administering poison to



The Verger of the Duke's Private Chapel;
but



A Typical Serving-Maid
overhears all these foul plots and
communicates them to her lover.



A Soldier of the King,
who, in turn, imparts the
information to



His Humorous Mother,
whose magnetic influence with



The Home Secretary
is such that an order is immediately
sent to

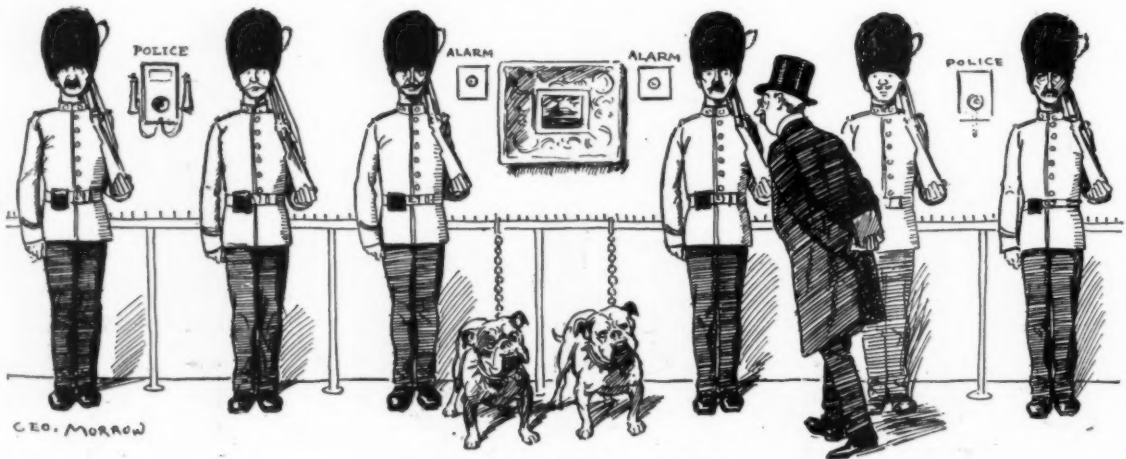


The Governor of Newgate
to release Jack. After which all ends happily—
the Duke being reduced to senile tears
by the unaided efforts of



The Comic Man
who marries the chief bridesmaid,
for whom unfortunately
we have no space.

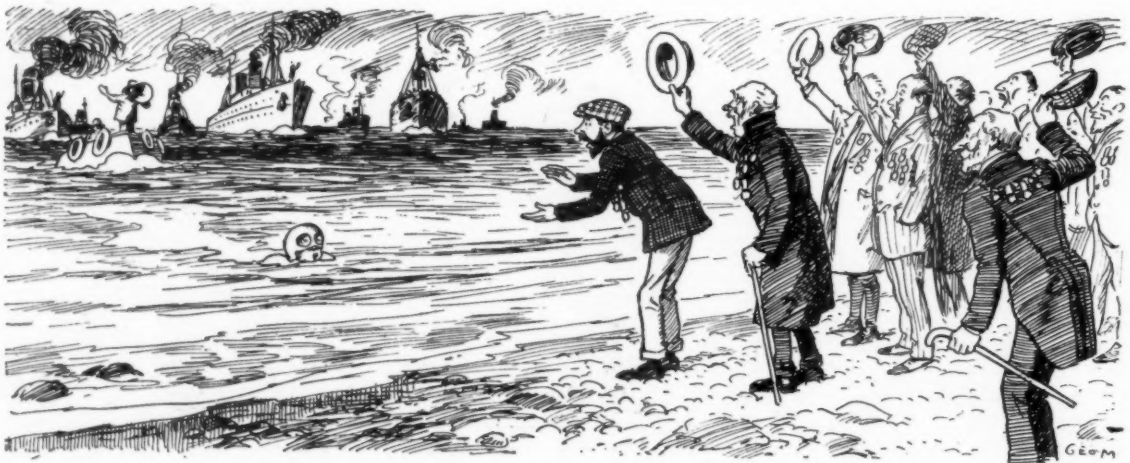
GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.



THE GEM OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A FOLK-SONG SOCIETY ENTRANCED BY THE SINGING OF A SURVIVOR FROM THE OLD MUSIC-HALL STAGE.



A CROWD OF CHANNEL SWIMMERS WELCOMING THE FIRST ATLANTIC SWIMMER.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.



A CINEMATOGRAF OPERATOR GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BEFORE A BATTLE.



THE LAST FOX IN ENGLAND.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

MINCEMEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

At last, we hear, the slot machine which so many commercial firms have been working for has been produced. Upon a French penny being inserted in this machine it plays the "Marseillaise" and brings up the police.

By-the-by, a vacuous youth recently placed a half-crown instead of a penny in one of the existing machines at a railway station to see if it would work. It would not, and the young man complained to a porter. "Serves you right," remarked that functionary, "for trying to cheat the machine."

ACCIDENT AT A SHOOTING PARTY.

Sir MAX WEINBERG was out with a shooting party one afternoon last week, when a pheasant flew overhead. Sir MAX fired, and the bird fell dead.

"Father," asked little Ernest, "why won't ghosts let you touch them?" "I expect it's on account of their clothes," replied the Source of all Knowledge. "You see they're always dressed in white, and so they're afraid of your finger-marks."

The announcement that the whole town of Santa Fé, Kansas, is shortly to be moved on wheels a distance of six miles to the south makes one wonder whether it might not be possible to take London to the seaside for a month each year in the hot season. The experiment might be tried first with a smaller city, such as Manchester.

Answer to a Correspondent:—To remove the taste of Castor Oil from the mouth, you will find nothing so efficacious as a dose of Gregory Powder.

Answer to another Correspondent:—To keep the nose warm in winter, try strapping a knitted egg-cosy on the part affected.

An advertisement:—"Write for our Anti-Fat Book. Thin paper edition now ready."

In the nature of some persons the bargaining spirit would appear to be ineradicable. An Anglo-German plaintiff was being sworn. He was asked to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." "Vell, shall ve say *almost* de whole truth," he suggested with a winning smile.

We imagine that the most hard-worked private secretary in the world is the gentleman who acts in that capacity for a certain "self-made"

Knight whose hobby is oratory. Not only has the secretary to write his master's speeches, but he has so to compose them that they do not contain a single word beginning with the letter H. The secretary looks tired sometimes.

"The hair is a plant," a scientist informs us. This explains the homeopathic use of the hair-restorer—another plant.

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK have published a book on "British Castles." Frankly we think it a pity, in view of what happened recently to Tattershall Castle, to draw attention to the fact that we still have some left. We trust, anyhow, that there will be no American edition of this work.

It is not only to careless people that accidents happen. The other day a caretaker was run over.

"Wanted, spade hands." So runs an advertisement emanating from some Cheltenham Nurseries. We admire the modesty of the children's request. For ourselves we should have chosen a set of No-trumpers with four aces apiece.



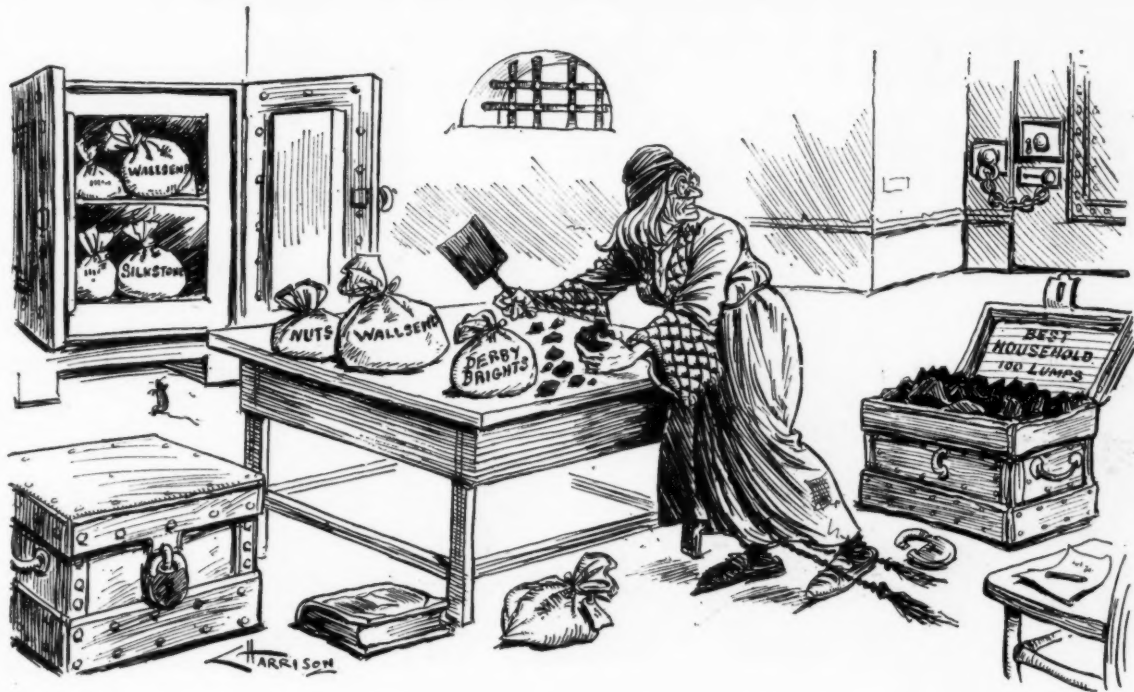
Client. "How is it OYSTERS ARE SO MUCH BETTER IN COLD WEATHER?"
Bar Tender. "I DENNO, SIR; I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE THEY PULLS THEIR SELVES TOGETHER."

A WOMAN'S WORD (IN SEASON).

Now, what shall I write on Jim's card?
I'm utterly stuck for a word.
"Kind greetings" sound frigid and hard
And "regards" (even "cordial") absurd.
I want something warm yet restrained
Just to fill the blank space on the page;

For all may be lost, nothing gained,
If I show him too much at this stage.
My troubles would soon be dispersed
If Jim, like a person of sense,
Had posted his Christmas Card first
And shown me a lead at the fence;
Not sure of the lie of the land,
I won't run the risk of mishap,
But keep my emotions in hand
And make for a popular gap.

"Best wishes"—I think that will do,
"For Christmas, and each other,
Day."
It doesn't say volumes, it's true,
And heavens! what heaps I could say!
What I want him to gather is this—
And he might if he wasn't so shy—
That, of course, my best wishes are his,
And so, for the asking, am I.



THE MISER'S HOARD—SCENE FROM "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE" AS PLAYED IN A.D. 2911.



THE BAGPIPES—FOR WINTER EVENINGS IN KIRRIEMUIR, N.B.



Anxious Sportsman. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S WRONG? HAS SOMEONE PEPPERED YOU?"
New Woman. "OH, NO; BUT—I—I'VE KILLED A PHEASANT."



Old Growler to his horse (on receiving his bare fare). "LOOK WOT YOU 'VE BIN DRAGGIN' THREE MILES FOR HEIGHTEENCE!"



Mild-mannered Master (who has been knocked over and tumbled upon by stranger). "DID YOU COME FAR TO DO THAT?"



Irate Master. "JUST LOOK AT THEM—ALL OVER THE LINE! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH FOOLS?"

Huntsman. "AS THE SAYIN' IS, SIR—'THERE'S A FOOL BORN HEVERY HOUR OF THE DAY.' I BELIEVE THEY ALL 'UNTS, AND MOST OF 'EM 'UNTS US."

THE GIANT WHO DIED FROM LAUGHING.

(A Matter-of-Fact Fairy Tale.)

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three sons. The two eldest were lazy good-for-nothing young men, but the third son, whose name was Charming, was a delightful youth, who was loved by everybody (outside his family) who knew him. Whenever he rode through the town the people used to stop whatever work they were engaged upon and wave their caps and cry "Hurrah for Prince Charming!"—and even after he had passed they would continue to stop work, in case he might be coming back the same way, when they would wave their caps and cry "Hurrah for Prince Charming!" again. It was wonderful how fond of him they were.

But alas! his father the King was not so fond. He preferred his eldest son; which was funny of him, because he must have known that only the third and youngest son is ever any good in a family. Indeed, the King himself had been a third son, so he had really no excuse for ignorance on the point. I am afraid the truth was that he was jealous of Charming, because the latter was so popular outside his family.

Now there lived in the Palace an old woman called Countess Caramel, who had been governess to Charming when he was young. When the Queen lay dying the Countess had promised her that she would look after her youngest boy for her, and Charming had often confided in Caramel since. One morning, when his family had been particularly rude to him at breakfast, Charming said to her:

"Countess, I have made up my mind, and I am going into the world to seek my fortune."

"I have been waiting for this," said the Countess. "Here is a magic ring. Wear it always on your little finger, and whenever you want help turn it round once and help will come."

Charming thanked her and put the ring on his finger. Then he turned it round once just to make sure that it worked. Immediately the oddest little dwarf appeared in front of him.

"Speak and I will obey," said the dwarf.

Now Charming didn't want anything at all just then, so after thinking for a moment he said, "Go away!"

The dwarf, a little surprised, disappeared.

"This is splendid," thought Charming, and he started on his travels with a light heart.

The sun was at its highest as he came to a thick wood, and in its shade

But Charming did not want to talk about brothers. He sat down on a fallen log beside her, and looked at her entranced.

"I think you are the most lovely lady in all the world," he said.

"Am I?" said the Princess, whose name, by the way, was Beauty.

She looked away from him and there was silence between them. Charming, a little at a loss, fidgeted nervously with his ring, and began to speak again.

"Ever since I have known you—"

"You are in need of help?" said the dwarf, appearing suddenly.

"Certainly not," said Charming angrily. "Not in the least. I can manage this quite well by myself."

"Speak, and I will obey."

"Then go away," said Charming; and the dwarf, who was beginning to lose his grip of things, again disappeared.

The Princess, having politely pretended to be looking for something while this was going on, turned to him again.

"Come with me," she said, "and I will show you how you can help me."

She took him by the hand and led him down a narrow glade to a little clearing in the middle of the wood. Then she made him sit down beside her on the grass, and there she told him her tale.

"There is a giant called Blunderbus," she said, "who lives in a great castle ten miles from here. He is a terrible magician, and years ago because I would not marry him he turned my—my brother into a— I don't know how to tell you—into a— a tortoise." She put her hands to her face and sobbed again.

"Why a tortoise?" said Charming, knowing that sympathy was useless, but feeling that he ought to say something.

"I don't know. He just thought of it. It—it isn't a very nice thing to be."

"And why should he turn your brother into it? I mean, if he had turned you into a tortoise— Of course," he went on hurriedly, "I'm very glad he didn't."

"Thank you," said Beauty.

"But I don't understand why—"

"He knew he could hurt me more by making my brother a tortoise than by making me one," she explained, and looked at him anxiously.

This was a new idea to Charming, who had two brothers of his own; and he looked at her in some surprise.



"THERE WAS A KING WHO HAD THREE SONS."

(From left to right: 1st son, 2nd son, 3rd son, King, hound.)

he lay down to rest. He was awakened by the sound of weeping. Rising hastily to his feet he peered through the trees, and there, fifty yards away from him, by the side of a stream sat the most beautiful damsel he had ever seen, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly. Prince Charming, grieving at the sight of beauty in such distress, coughed and came nearer.



THE LITTLE DWARF.

(I have forgotten his name.)

"Princess," he said tenderly, for he knew she must be a Princess, "you are in trouble. How can I help you?"

"Fair Sir," she answered, "I had thought to be alone. But, since you are here, you can help me if you will. I have a—a brother—"

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"Oh, what does it matter *why* he did it?" she cried as he was about to speak. "Why do giants do things? I don't know."

"Princess," said Charming remorsefully, and kissed her hand, "tell me how I can help you."

"My brother," said Beauty, "was to have met me here. He is late again." She sighed and added, "He used to be so punctual."

"But how can I help him?" asked Charming.

"It is like this. The only way in which the enchantment can be taken off him is for someone to kill the Giant. But, if once the enchantment has stayed on for seven years, then it stays on for ever."

Here she looked down and burst into tears.

"These seven years," she sobbed, "are over at sundown this afternoon."

"I see," said Charming thoughtfully.

"Here is my brother," cried Beauty.

An enormous tortoise came slowly into view. Beauty rushed up to him and, having explained the situation rapidly, made the necessary introduction.

"Charmed," said the Tortoise. "You can't miss the castle; it's the only one near here, and Blunderbus is sure to be at home. I need not tell you how grateful I shall be if you kill him. Though I must say," he added, "it

"Yes; didn't she tell you about the others who had tried?"

"I forgot to," said Beauty, frowning at him.

"Ah, well, perhaps in that case we'd better not go into it now," said the Tortoise. "But before you start

I don't *think* like one, stupid. Else I shouldn't mind being one."

"I never thought of that."

"No one does, except me. And I can think of nothing else." He paused and added confidentially, "We're trying rum omelettes just now. Somehow I don't think tortoises *really* like them. However, we shall see. I suppose you've never heard anything definite against them?"

"You needn't bother about that," said Charming briskly. "By to-night you will be a man again." And he patted him encouragingly on the shell and returned to take an affectionate farewell of the Princess.

As soon as he was alone, Charming turned the ring round his finger, and the dwarf appeared before him.

"The same as usual?" said the dwarf, preparing to vanish at the word. He was just beginning to get into the swing of it.

"No, no," said Charming hastily. "I really want you this time." He thought for a moment. "I want," he said at last, "a sword. One that will kill giants."

Instantly a gleaming sword was at his feet. He picked it up and examined it.

"Is this really a magic sword?"

"It has but to inflict one scratch," said the dwarf, "and the result is death."



TWO'S COMPANY.

I should like to talk to you privately for a moment." He took Charming on one side and whispered, "I say, do you know anything about tortoises?"

"Very little," said Charming. "In fact—"

"Then you don't happen to know what they eat?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Dash it, why doesn't *anybody* know? The others all made the most ridiculous suggestions. Steak and kidney puddings—and shrimp sandwiches—and buttered toast. Dear me! The

nights we had after the shrimp sandwiches! And the fool swore he had kept tortoises all his life!"

"If I may say so," said Charming, "I should have thought that *you* would have known best."

"The same silly idea they all have," said the Tortoise testily. "When Blunderbus put this enchantment on me, do you suppose he got a blackboard and a

piece of chalk and gave me a lecture on the diet and habits of the common tortoise, before showing me out of the front gate? No, he simply turned me into the form of a tortoise and left my mind and soul as it was before. I've got the anatomy of a tortoise, I've got the very delicate inside of a tortoise, but



"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TORTOISES?"

Charming, who had been feeling the blade, took his thumb away hastily.

"Then I shall want a cloak of darkness," he said.

"Behold, here it is. Beneath this cloak the wearer is invisible to the eyes of his enemies."



"MY BROTHER!"

(Introducing the Family to Charming.)

puzzles me to think how you are going to do it."

"I have a friend who will help me," said Charming, fingering his ring.

"Well, I only hope you'll be luckier than the others."

"The others?" cried Charming in surprise.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

"One thing more," said Charming. "A pair of seven-league boots . . . Thank you. That is all to-day."

Directly the dwarf was gone, Charming kicked off his shoes and stepped into the magic boots; then he seized the sword and the cloak and darted off on his lady's behest. He had barely gone a hundred paces before a sudden idea came to him, and he pulled himself up short.

"Let me see," he reflected; "the castle was ten miles away. These are seven-league boots—so that I have come about two thousand miles. I shall have to go back." He took some hasty steps back, and found himself in the wood from which he had started.

"Well?" said Princess Beauty, "Have you killed him?"

"No, n-no," stammered Charming, "not exactly killed him. I was just—just practising something. The fact is," he added confidentially, "I've got a pair of new boots on, and—" He saw the look of cold surprise in her face and went on quickly, "I swear, Princess, that I will not return to you again without his head."

He took a quick step in the direction of the castle and found himself soaring over it; turned eleven miles off; and stepped back a pace; overshot it again, and arrived at the very feet of the Princess.

"His head!" said Beauty eagerly.

"I—I must have dropped it," said Charming, hastily pretending to feel for it. "I'll just go and—" He stepped off in confusion.

Eleven miles the wrong side of the



"HAVE YOU KILLED HIM?"

castle, Charming sat down to think it out. It was but two hours to sundown. Without his magic boots he would get to the castle too late. Of course, what he really wanted to do was to erect an isosceles triangle on a base of eleven miles, having two sides

of twenty-one miles each. But this was before EUCLID's time.

However, by taking one step to the north and another to the south-west, he found himself close enough. A short, if painful, walk, with his boots in his hand, brought him to his destina-



CHARMING MISJUDGES THE DISTANCE.

tion. He had a moment's natural hesitation about calling at a strange castle in his stocking feet, but consoled himself with the thought that in life-and-death matters one cannot bother about little points of etiquette, and that, anyhow, the giant would not be able to see him. Then, donning the magic cloak, and with the magic sword in his hand, he entered the castle gates. For an instant his heart seemed to stop beating, but the thought of the Princess gave him new courage. . . .

The Giant was sitting in front of the fire, his great spiked club between his knees. At Charming's entry he turned round, gave a start of surprise, bent forward eagerly a moment, and then leant back chuckling. Like most overgrown men he was naturally kindhearted and had a simple humour, but he could be stubborn when he liked. The original affair of the tortoise seems to have shown him both at his best and at his worst.

"Why do you walk like that?" he said pleasantly to Charming. "The baby is not asleep."

Charming stopped short.

"You see me?" he cried furiously.

"Of course I do! Really, you mustn't expect to come into a house without anything on your feet and not be a little noticeable. Even in a crowd I should have picked you out."

"That miserable dwarf," said Charming savagely, "swore solemnly to me that beneath this cloak I was invisible to the eyes of my enemies!"

"But then we aren't enemies," smiled the Giant sweetly. "I like you immensely. There's something about you—directly you came in . . . I think it must be love at first sight."

"So that's how he tricked me!"

"Oh no, it wasn't really like that. The fact is you are invisible *beneath* that cloak, only—you'll excuse my pointing it out—there are such funny bits of you that aren't beneath the cloak. You've no idea how odd you look; just a head and two legs, and a couple of arms. . . . Waists," he murmured to himself, "are not being worn this year."

But Charming had had enough of talk. Gripping his sword firmly, he threw aside his useless cloak, dashed forward, and with a beautiful lunge pricked his enemy in the ankle.

"Victory!" he cried, waving his magic sword above his head. "Thus is Beauty's brother delivered!"

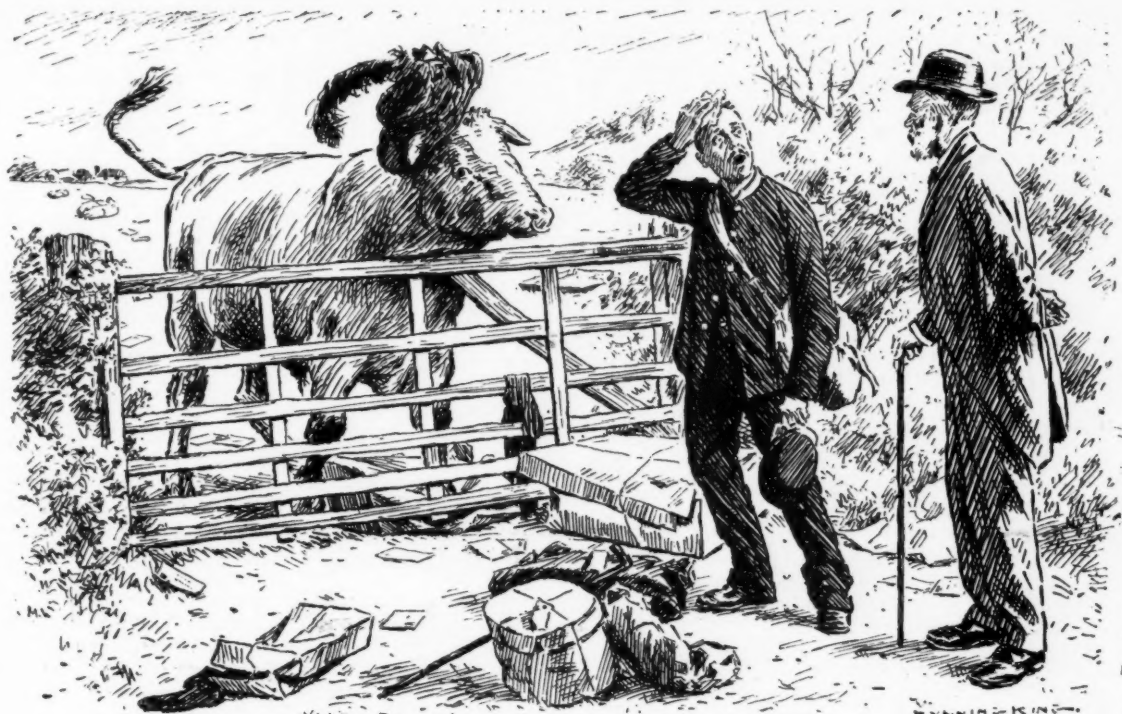
The Giant stared at him for a full minute. Then he put his hands to his sides and fell back shaking in his chair.

"Her brother!" he roared. "Well, of all the— Her brother!" He rolled on the floor in a paroxysm of



THE EFFECT OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

(Not, as you thought, a jig-saw puzzle with some of the pieces missing.)



Old Gentleman. "BY JOVE! HE NEARLY HAD YOU THAT TIME."

Postman (who has just managed to scramble over the gate and escape). "YUS, HE PRETTY NEAR HAS ME EVERY TIME."

mirth. "Her brother! Oh, you—
You'll kill me! Her b-b-b-brother!
Her b-b-b-b—her b-b-b—her b-b—"
The world suddenly seemed very
cold to Charming. He turned the
ring on his finger.



BLUNDERBUS SEES HIS LAST JOKE.

"Well?" said the Dwarf.

"I want," said Charming curtly, "to
be back at home, riding through the
streets on my cream palfrey, amidst the
cheers of the populace. . . . At once."

An hour later Princess Beauty and
Prince Udo, who was not her brother,
gazed into each other's eyes; and
Beauty's last illusion went.

"You've altered," she said slowly.

"Yes, I'm not really much like a
tortoise," said Udo humorously.

"I meant since seven years ago.
You're much stouter than I thought."

"Time hasn't exactly stood still with
you, you know, Beauty."

"Yet you saw me every day,
and went on loving me."

"Well—er—" He shuffled
his feet and looked away.

"Didn't you?"

"Well, you see—of course I
wanted to get back, you see—
and as long as you—I mean if
we—if you thought we were in
love with each other, then, of
course, you were ready to help
me. And so—"

"You're quite old and bald.
I can't think why I didn't notice
it before."

"Well, you wouldn't when I
was a tortoise," said Udo pleas-
antly. "As tortoises go I was
really quite a youngster. Most of them
live to be a tremendous age. Besides,
anyhow one never notices baldness in
a tortoise."

"I think," said Beauty, weighing her
words carefully, "I think you've gone
off a good deal in looks in the last day
or two."

Charming was home in time for

dinner; and next morning he was more
popular than ever as he rode through
the streets of the city. But Blunderbus
lay dead in his Castle. You and I
know that he was killed by the magic
sword; yet somehow a strange legend



DISILLUSIONED; OR THE NEW ENOCH ARDEN.

grew up around his death. And ever
afterwards in that country, when one
man told his neighbour a more than
ordinarily humorous anecdote, the latter
would cry, in between the gusts of
merriment, "Don't! You'll make me
die of laughter!" And then he would
pull himself together, and add with
a sigh—"Like Blunderbus."

A. A. M.



Parlour-Maid (to Vicar, trying to write a sermon). "PLEASE, SIR, THE MISTRESS TOLD ME NEVER TO DISTURB YOU UNLESS SHE WAS OUT AND I COULDN'T ASK HER!"
Vicar. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"
Parlour-Maid. "SHE'S OUT NOW, SIR."

Vicar. "WELL! WELL!"

Parlour-Maid. "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I GIVE POLLY A NUT?"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

When all the world is cold and dark without,
 When through a window that is far from clean
 The solemn day peers in as though in doubt—
 He that of late so buoyant was of mien—
 As to his very fitness to be seen;
 When London fog, and skies of London grey,
 Recall the golden splendour that has been,
 And the sick bard reflects, with strong dismay,
 That here he is for good, and here he has to stay;

Then, when the gates of light are wholly blocked,
 My fragile soul, accustomed to a peak
 Of clear empyreal air, is straightly knocked
 Into the glooming middle of next week.
 Darkling I gaze around, and darkling seek
 Some helpful charm these wintry woes to end,
 Vainly, until, with sudden-brightening cheek,
 I turn to thee, O Portrait of my Friend,
 And slowly all grows clear, and things begin to mend.

On a most mellow lawn, within a chair
 Of pleasing comfort, calmly as a lord
 He sits; a blissful scent is on the air,
 Borne from his pipe: umbrageous elms afford
 A comely shelter for the shaven sward;
 Pensive he sits; a book is on his knee.
 Ah, happy book, he is not looking bored;
 Doubtless his musings are inspired by thee
 Partly, and partly by th' approaching hour of tea.

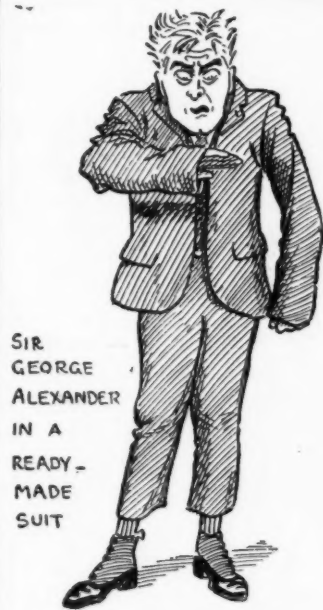
And, gazing with rapt eyes, I am withdrawn
 Into a pleasant land of summer ease.
 Methinks I stand upon a flower-fringed lawn;
 Roses commingle on a lightsome breeze
 With the choice weed; the lazy hum of bees,
 The song of sleepy birds, entrance my sprite;
 All is cool air, clear skies, and kindly trees
 That shed a shadowy rapture—different, quite,
 From the depressing weight of town's material blight.

And in that hour what fantasies of song,
 Like wandering cloudlets, flow across my brain!
 What spell is on me! I could go full strong,
 But no. The fancy fades. I hear again
 The press of many feet, the dripping rain;
 The fog broods round me, and the solemn day
 Pallidly glimmers through an unclean pane;
 And all is dim, and dull, and dismal grey,
 As I turn up the light, and sigh, ah well-a-way.

O cool, calm shape, sit on. Thy fragrant pipe
 For ever shalt thou smoke, and not consume.
 For thee shall summer be for ever ripe,
 The sky be fair, nor waning seasons doom
 Thy fancy suiting to a wintry tomb.
 Fair youth, beneath thine elms, thou canst not know
 The awful deeps of London's heavy gloom;
 But be it thine, when I am bored and low,
 To waft me hence, as now, for some half hour or so.

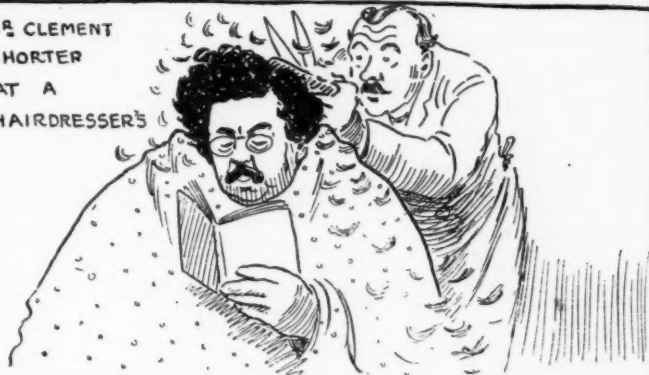
DUM-DUM.

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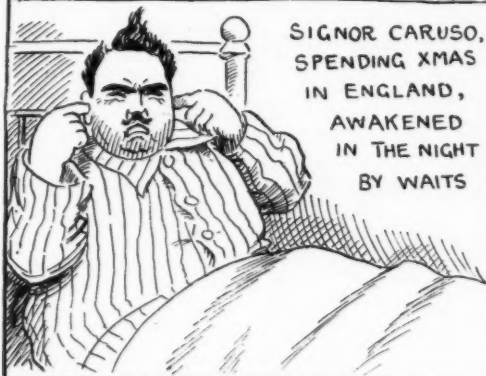


SIR
GEORGE
ALEXANDER
IN A
READY-
MADE
SUIT

MR CLEMENT
SHORTER
AT A
HAIRDRESSER'S



EARL SPENCER SLIPPING
ON A BANANA SKIN

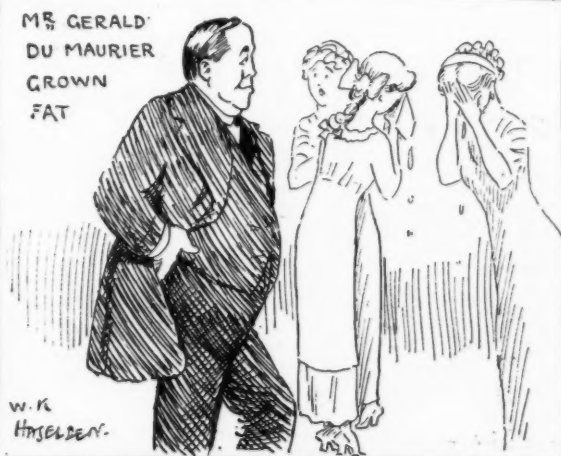


SIGNOR CARUSO,
SPENDING XMAS
IN ENGLAND,
AWAKENED
IN THE NIGHT
BY WAITS

SIR HERBERT TREE
WITNESSING AN AMATEUR
PERFORMANCE OF
"MACBETH"



MR GERALD
DU MAURIER
GROWN
FAT



W. K.
HUTCHINSON.

SITUATIONS WE CANNOT BEAR TO CONTEMPLATE.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

CELEBRITIES AND THEIR LITTLE HOBBIES.



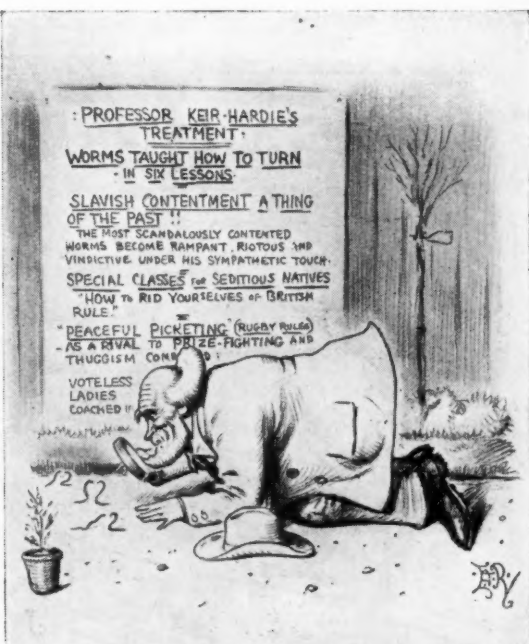
MR. PÉLISSIER'S HOBBY IS PERFORMING ON THE "TIGHT-ROPE" IN HIS GARDEN. ("WELL, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF TALKING LIKE THAT! IT WAS A 'TIGHT-ROPE' ALL RIGHT BEFORE I WENT AND GOT ON IT; BUT THERE YOU ARE, YOU SEE—THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE!")



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON ENJOYS NOTHING MORE THAN TAKING HIS ACADEMY OF "FLAPPERS" FOR A HEALTH-GIVING BLOW ON WIMBLEDON COMMON. HE ADOPTS A SUITABLY QUIET AND BLAMELESS COSTUME WHICH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE FIRST PRESS NOTICE OF AN INTERESTING HABIT.



MR. RUNCIMAN PROPOSES TO GAMBOLE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY WITH THE JOYOUS LAMB (WHEN IN SEASON), AND THUS TO STEEP HIMSELF IN THE PASTORAL SPIRIT AND THE LOCAL COLOUR OF HIS NEW POSITION AT THE HEAD OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. JUST AT PRESENT, THE RIGHT SEASON IS NOT AVAILABLE.



MR. KEIR-HARDIE, IN HIS SPARE TIME (AS, INDEED, IN WORKING HOURS), DEVOTES HIMSELF TO THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF A FIGHTING SPIRIT IN THE ORDINARILY INNOCUOUS; BUT DRAWS THE LINE AT ANY SCHEME OF NATIONAL DEFENCE AS BEING RANK MILITARISM AND A MAD BLOOD-GUILTINESS.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.



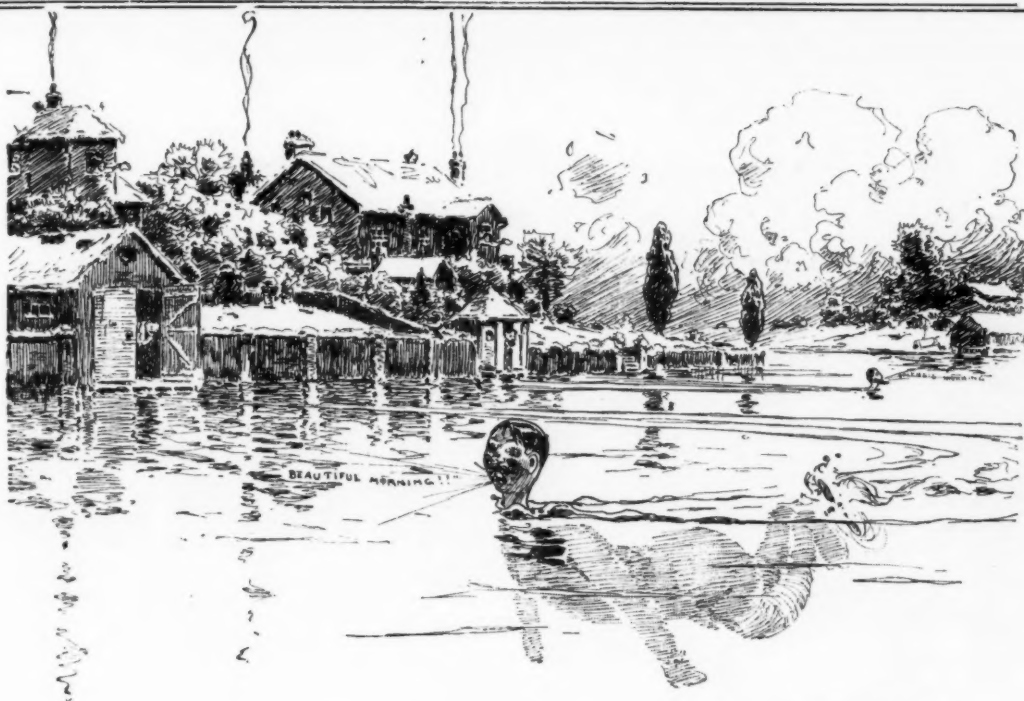
Period—The War of 1914.

Furious M.F.H. (to invaders, who have made a dashing charge at supposed red-coated cavalry). "WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT? D'YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU CONFOUNDED SET OF TAILORS? YOU'VE—YOU'VE HEADED THE FOX!"



'Arry (to the Master, galloping to Holloa). "LOOSE MY STIRRUP, OLE MAN, WILL YER? IT'S GOT 'ITCHED ON TO THIS BLOOMIN' POST."

Punch's Almanack for 1912.



THIS SEASON'S GOODS.—THE DUMMY SWIMMER.

FOR ALL THE YEAR-ROUND RIVER BATHERS WHO REALISE THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE PROCEDURE, BUT HAVE APPEARANCES TO KEEP UP. MADE IN EXACT LIKENESS OF PURCHASER. GUARANTEED TO SWIM A CIRCLE OF 200 YARDS AND RETURN TO HAND. IS FITTED WITH INTERNAL GRAMOPHONE WHICH THREE TIMES ON THE ROUND EXCLAIMS "BEAUTIFUL MORNING!!" SHOULD PURCHASER BE FORCED AT ANY TIME TO RESCUE HIMSELF MONEY WILL BE RETURNED.



THIS SEASON'S GOODS.—THE PARTING GUEST'S REFUGE.

WHEN TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT USE OUR SPARE TYRE.—SAVES ALL TIPS. THE HOTEL SERVANTS WILL BE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.

Despite apathy at home, the good old English Christmas has lost none of its popularity abroad.



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG AT ITZEGNANDA'S KRAAL.



PLUCKING THE BIRD AT THE FORTY-NINTH CATARACT.



THE MISTLETOE TRADITION AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Punch's Almanack for 1912.



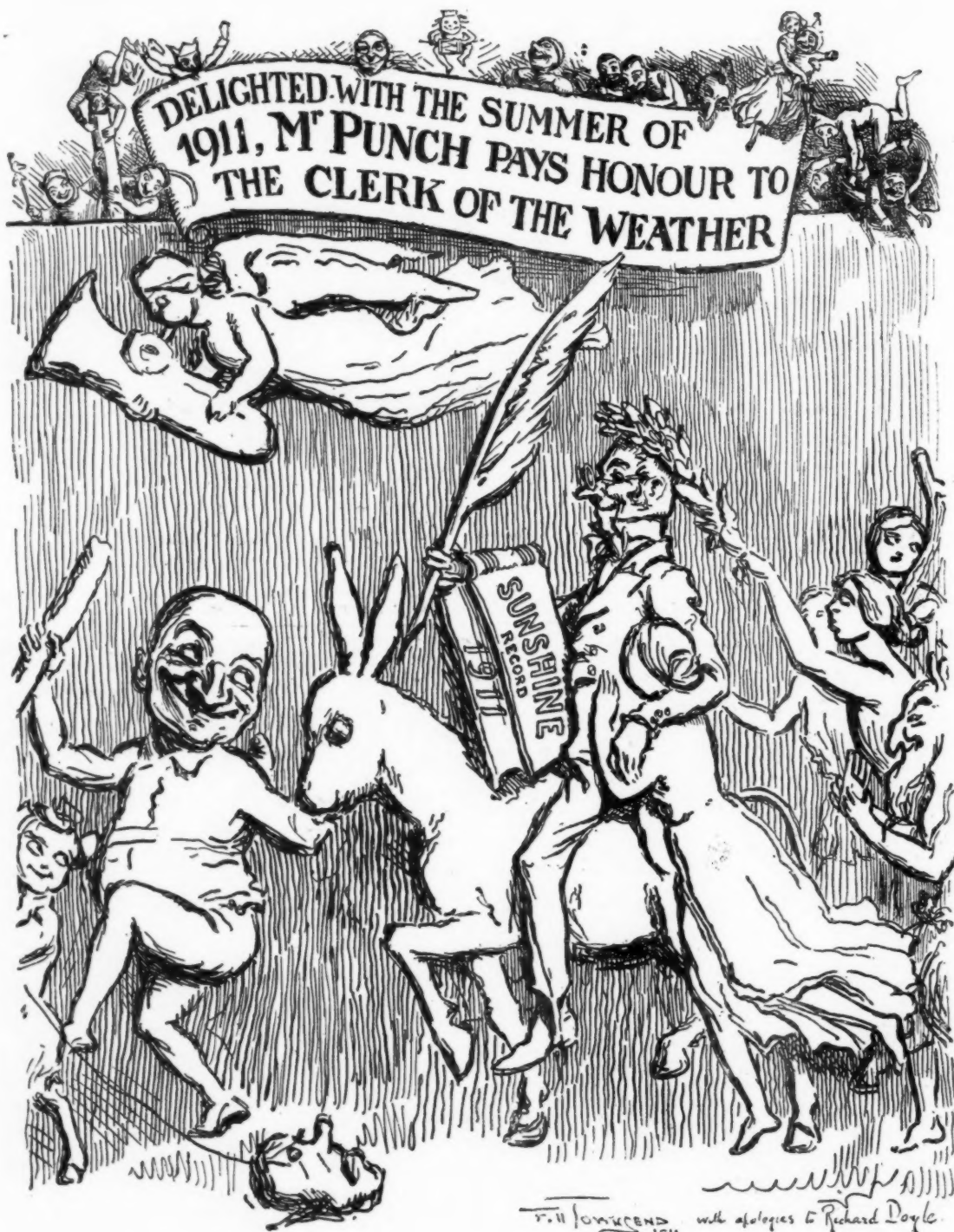
Archibald (relating ghost story). "THEN SLOWLY OUT OF THE GLOOM APPEARED A TERRIBLE THING, SO WEIRD, SO APPALLING, THAT I WAS PETRIFIED. WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS?" *Tommy (excitedly).* "I KNOW, I KNOW. YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS!"



"HULLO! WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"

"I AM SIR ULRIC GYTH OF THE BLOODY HANDS, FOUNDER OF THIS HOUSE!"

"BY JOVE! THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK MEETING YOU, OLD MAN; YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW ME WHERE THE BATHROOM IS."



Palmam qui meruit ferat.



MR. PUNCH'S LITAR

Shakspeare, having had his fair turn, is not included among British A

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL
as a KINGSLEY
WATER-BABY.



LORD MIDLETON as
MRS. MALAPROP.



LORD
WINTERTON
as LITTLE
LORD
FAUNTLEROY.



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN
as
THE REV. ROBERT SPALDING.

"I don't like
London."



MR. LEWIS V.
HARCOURT as
JEAMES of
BUCKLEY SQUARE.



MISS MARIE CORELLI as LALLA ROOKH.



STARRY COSTUME BALL.

English Authors from whom Mr. Punch has here selected his characters.]